

THE GOAT

"A" "H Q" "B"



ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50
Post Paid to all parts of the world



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JULY, 1933

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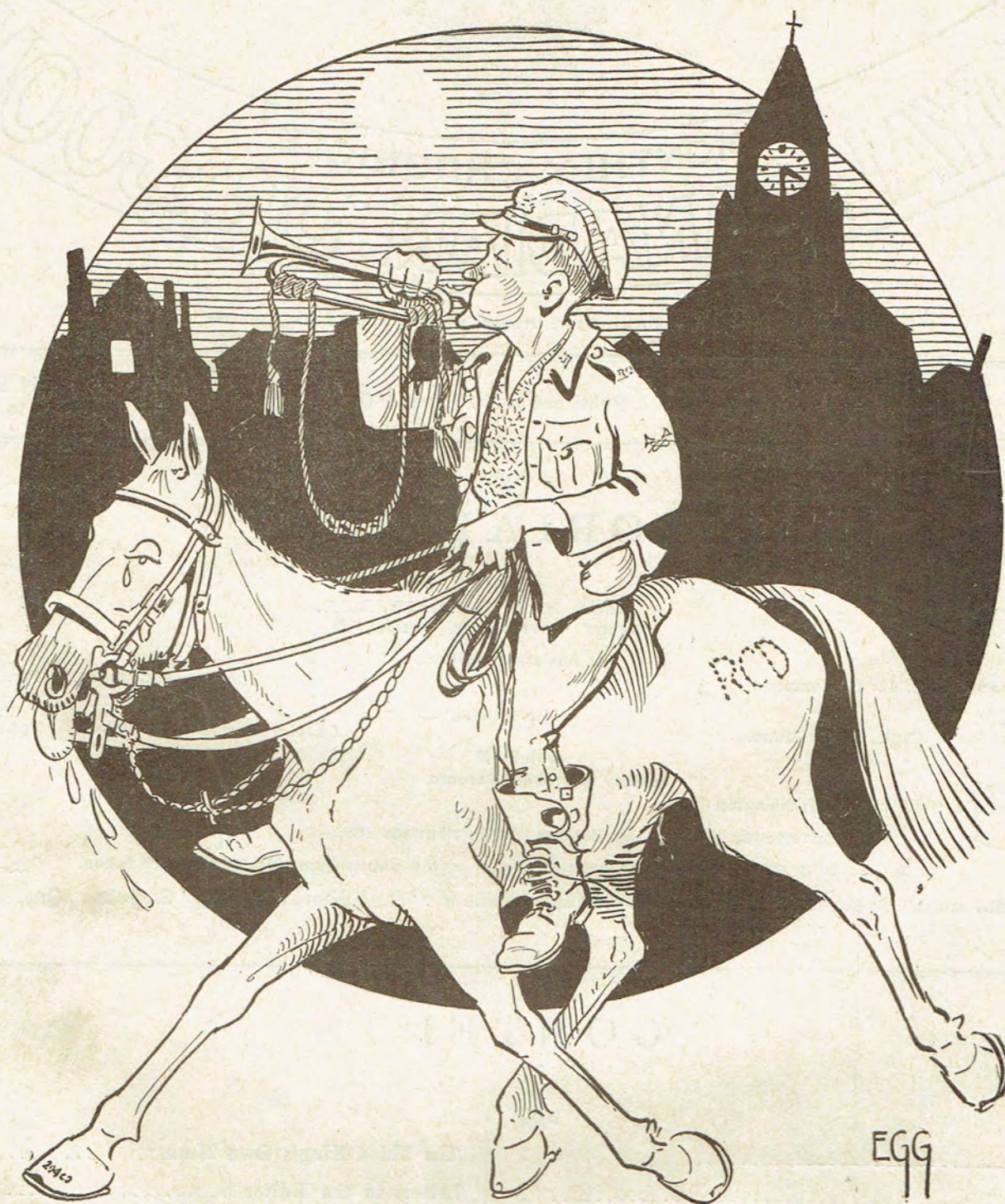
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Address all correspondence and make all cheques payable to "The Editor, The Goat," St. Johns, Que.

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|| "THAT D—D REVEILLE" ||
(BY REQUEST)

Personal & Regimental

Visitors to Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, this month were Lt.-Colonel D. Bowie, of Montreal, Ex. R.S.M. C. J. Simpkin, of Toronto, and Capt. W. W. Ogilvie who dropped in on us in his plane one evening.

Mr. T. D. Masey, of Toronto was a visitor to Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns during the month, Mr. Masey has recently painted for the Officers of the 17th D.Y.R.C.H. their affiliated regiment the 13th Husars (13 and 18th) now in India. This distinguished Light Cavalry Regiment was in touch with the R.C.D.'s in the late war in France.

On Saturday, July 8th the late Colonel T. J. F. Murphy, D.S.O., R.C.A.M.C. was buried in St. James cemetery, St. Johns, Que., with full military honours.

The firing party furnished by the R.C.R. was in charge of Sgt. Raynor.

The pall bearers were Brigadier General, W. W. P. Gibsons, C.B. E., C.M.G., D.S.O., O.B. Command-M.D. 4 Co. J. I. Clark, former director of Medical services in Ottawa, Lt.-Col. E. L. Caldwell, R.C.D., Lt.-Col. Gorsline, R.C.A. M.C Major C Trotter, D.S.O. and Mr. J. I. McCabe.

The bearers party was furnished from the Garrison and was in charge of Q.M.S.I. F. Cox, R.C.D. consisting of:

Q.M.S. Ellis, R.C.D.
F.Q.M.S. Hill, R.C.D.
Q.M.S. Hallet, R.C.D.
S/Sgt. Britt, R.C.D.
S/Sgt. Stanton, R.C.E.
S/Sgt. Reid, R.C.A.M.C.
Q.M.S. Hayden, R.C.R.
S.S.M. Harding, R.C.D.

The services at the church were conducted by the Rev. C. Winch assisted by the Rev. G. G. Reil and the Rev. I. Nelson.

The St. Johns Iberville branch of the B.E.S.L. turned out in command of Mr. L. Gage.

Details were present from the C.A.M.C., R.C.A.S.C. and other units.

The many friends of the late

Colonel Murphy turned out and marched with the cortege to the cemetery.

All ranks join in tendering their sympathy to Mrs. Murphy and family in their sad loss.

A copy of "A short History of the Royal Canadian Dragoons" was presented to the Imperial War Museum, and the following acknowledgement received:

Imperial War Museum,
South Kensington, S. W. 7
21st June, 1933

Sir,

I am directed by His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, President of the Board of Trustees, to thank you for the gift mentioned overleaf which you have presented to the Imperial War Museum. I am to assure you that your generosity is greatly appreciated by the Board of Trustees.

I have the honour to be,
Your obedient servant,
Signed, Charles F. Foulkes
Curator and Sec

The Officer Commanding, Royal Canadian Dragoons, Niagara Camp, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Can.

Headquarters, Royal Canadian Dragoons

Niagara Camp, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

6 July 1933.

Editor The Goat.

The following letter has been received from General Seeley, now Lord Mottistone.

Mottistone Manor,
Isle of Wight,
22nd June, 1933.

My Dear Timmis,

I am indeed most grateful to you for your kind congratulations. Good wishes from you are especially welcome. I am glad to sign this name to an old friend. Some day soon I hope you may come and see us here. I am indeed glad to hear from you of the continued success of the R.C.D.'s.

Mottistone.

The Goat offers its sincerest sympathy to S.M.I. E. J. Manning of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, on the sad loss of his wife, who passed away during the month.

Congratulations are extended to Cpl. and Mrs. Wheeler of Cavalry barracks, on the birth of a baby boy, last month.

L/Cpl. (Sailor) Lawrence of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, met with a very painful accident while in Pointe aux Trembles, while getting off the truck, Sailors foot slipped, his hand catching in the rack as he fell, giving his hand a very nasty injury. We all hope to see L/Cpl. Lawrence around again soon, none the worse for his accident.

A very enjoyable smoker was held at Cavalry Baracks, St. Johns July 5th in honour of Trooper W. D. Manning, who, after a great many years service in the Drags is retiring on pension. Tpr. Manning takes with him the sincerest wishes of the Squadron for the best of luck and success in his sojourn into civilian life.

We acknowledge with thanks the Bishop College School Magazine The Canadian Magazine, and the 13/18th Hussar Journal.

Niagara Comment.

We welcome to 'B' Squadron, Lieut. J. D. S. Smith, who has been posted to duty.

Congratulations are in order to Trooper and Mrs. F. (Jack) Rutherford, on the birth of a daughter.

And some more congratulations to the winners of the various classes at the St. Catharines Horse Show last month. We thought we would be too late for Press last month, but the Editor pulled a fast one on us.

Congratulations to 2nd and 3rd Troops. The former on account of their Musketry Average, and the latter for winning the Baseball Championship.

The sports program has been a strenuous one to date, and the schedule is about half over. All these games help to keep a player in condition for the Camp Sports, and we see many of the athletes taking their sports seriously, and training daily, in spite of General's Inspections and the like. We are sure to defeat our neighbors again this year.

A day of Squadron Dismounted Sports is being held this month and we hope to get the results through in time for this month's issue.

We were glad to see ex-Sergt. "Tom" Page in Niagara-on-the-Lake, he is looking very fit and well, and we would like to see him back in the Canteen again.

Charlie Smith Senior (Ex-S.M.) was a visitor to Camp during the stay in Camp of the Dufferin Rifles, we do not need to make this statement, as his presence is never a secret, and everyone knows as soon as he arrives anyway.

Results of Squadron Dismounted Sports.

Niagara Camp, Ontario, July 12th 1933.

1—100 yards—1st Lt. Phillips; 2nd, Tpr. Bone; 3rd, Tpr. Knights.

2.—Shot-Put.—1st, Lt. Smith; 2nd, L/Cpl. Stafford; 3rd, L/Cpl. Morgan.

3—Half-mile—1st, L/Cpl. Parker; 2nd, Tpr. Matthews; 3rd, Tpr. Knights

4.—Hop-step—1st, L/Cpl. Stafford; 2nd, Tpr. Bone; 3rd, Tpr. Searls.

5—220 yards—1st Lt. Phillips; 2nd, Tpr. Knights; 3rd Sgt. Green.

6—High Jump—1st, L/Cpl. Staf-



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ford and Tpr. Bone; 3rd Tpr. Ryan.

7—440 yards—1st Lt. Phillips; 2nd, L/Cpl. Parker; 3rd, L/Cpl. Morgan.

8—1 mile—1st Tpr. Kennedy; 2nd, Tpr. Hobbs; 3rd, Tpr. Matthews.

9—Cricket Ball Throw—1st, L/Cpl. Stafford; 2nd Lt. Smith; 3rd, L/Cpl. Parker.

10—Broad Jump—1st, Tpr. Bone; 2nd, Lt. Smith; 3rd L/Cpl. Stafford.

11—Relay Race—1st No. 2 Troop, Mr. Phillips, Knights, Matthews, Shacklady.

Highest Individual Scores —L/Cpl. F. N. Stafford, 3rd Troop 18 points.

Lieut. H. A. Phillips, 2nd Troop 15 points.

Trooper S. W. Bone, 1st Troop, 15 points.

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A Regimental March has been adopted and set to sheet music.

The Regiment is also in possession of this music in the form of band cards for a 62 piece band.

This March will be used on all ceremonial occasions when a band is present and for Musical Ride entry and exit march.

Copies of the March arranged as Pianoforte (solo sheet) music can be obtained for 35c a copy from the canteen at Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

Troop Scores

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
100 yard race	3	6	0
Shot Put	6	0	3
1/2 mile	0	4	5
220 yards	0	8	1
High Jump*	4	0	5
440 yards	1	5	3
1 mile	0	9	9
Hop Step Jump	4	0	5
Cricket Ball Throw	3	0	6
Broad Jump	8	0	1
Relay Race	0	10	0
Totals—	29	42	29

*Note—L/Cpl. Stafford and Trumpeter Bone, tied at 5 ft. 2 in. High Jump and after several jump offs at 5 ft. 3 in, decided to split first and second points.

Executive

Judges—Lt. Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.

Major W. Baty.

Captain G. F. Berteau.

Official Starter—Captain S. C. Bate.

Clerk of Course—Cpl. J. B. Harrison.

Notes on Dismounted Sports.

Congratulations to Second Troop for their fine performance in winning the Dismounted Sports. While we cannot help but aid the prowess of the "Maroons," we think that Mr. Phillips should be "optioned" out to the other troops each year.

It is hard to pick out individual winners, but for the sake of those who like to read about "best performances," we will after carefully going over the entire list of events, and the performances thereto, give a very Honorable Mention to Norm, Stafford and Syd. Bone. These two stalwarts, after jumping for almost half an hour in an effort to beat each other and put their Troop ahead, decided to call it a day, and a tie, and spilt the first two places. We feel that the spirit of sportsmanship thus displayed was of the highest and that no one will begrudge them the honor of "Best Performance."

As usual and as was more or less expected, 2nd Troop won the sprints, and middle distances,

while 3rd Troop devoted themselves to the field events. Mr. J. D. B. Smith showed great promise in the shot-put, and we look to him to win this event on the 29th. "Fanny" Parker surprised us (very much in fact) by winning the half mile by some 150 yards, in the fast time of 2.18 and as expected, "Jock" Kennedy won the mile with Little Joe (He of the Trumpet-like Bass) finishing a good second. Another surprise was in store for us when Matthews finished third in the mile.

L/Cpl. F. N. Stafford, 3rd Troops by now famous one-man team was high man for the day, 2 1/2 firsts (the half being the High Jump), 1 second and 1 third being all he could get away with, (he must have been late for the other events). Lets have a "repeat" on the 29th Norm, and we will buy you several beers.

"Jim" Crowe, who happened to be passing while the hop-step and jump was in progress almost entered the hall of fame as he took a hop-step and jump on the fly, as he was passing, but he kept right on going.

The days activities were well managed, and our "Gar Woods" were quickly checked by the starter so that everyone could start together. Competition was naturally of the keenest, but everyone was ready to congratulate the winner. We expect our men to win the three sprints, the half, and the mile, broad jump, cricket ball throw, shot-put, and relay race, which does not leave much more than the sack race and three-legged race, for our neighbours.

Cricket Notes.

During the summer, at Niagara cricket has returned to popularity, helped no doubt to some extent by the fine weather, and by the fact that games have been arranged with out-of-town teams. In addition to the regular inter-troop games, an inter-unit game is proposed toward the end of Camp, and several games have been played with the Town eleven.

On Wednesday, July 5th, a team from the R.C.D. journeyed to St. Catharines to play Ridley College, and while the result was perhaps as expected, a very enjoyable afternoon was spent by those making the trip. The College ele-

ven, which included seven of the team going to Bermuda this month were vastly superior to our players, the first four batsmen playing as if they were there for the day, but after they retired, our bowlers met with more success, and the side was retired for 174 runs.

The Dragoons at bat, found the College bowling somewhat bewildering, and in spite of a determined stand by Webb, were all out for 58 and were put in again. The second innings showed some improvement, Ferguson making 15 before being retired, and the side was out again for 76 giving the College the victory by an innings and 25. After the game, the team was invited to stay to tea, and were shown over the grounds by members of the College team. The playing field was in excellent shape, and although most of our players were not accustomed to playing on a turf pitch, they gave quite a good account of themselves, and no doubt learned something about how the game is played. Mr. Phillips, with a bowling analysis of 4 for 42 showed that he can be effective against the best of opposition, while Webb, who scored 21 in the first innings also showed that the first class bowling was nothing to be afraid of.

The afternoon play was beneficial to all, much can be learned from meeting stern opposition, and the team were royally entertained after the match.

Personnel comprising the party were as follows:

Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., Lt. H. A. Phillips, Lt. A. P. Ardagh, Lt. J. D. B. Smith, Stafford, Webb, Parker, Morgan, W. Howell, Hobbs, Sgt. Bell, S.M. A. F. Madden, Harrison.

Sporting Notes.

Niagara Camp

The Inter-Troop Baseball is over, as 3rd Troop won 3 straight to give them the Championship. Some rather large scores were recorded which would suggest that we are more given to hitting than pitching, and while most of last years talent is still with us, we have some new stars, and some of last years players are staging come-backs. Third Troop undoubtedly had the better team, and deserved to win, even though they were a bit shaky at times. Gough, who is catching for

3rd, is probably the best bet for the Squadron in this position, and Walton pitched some nice games. 2nd Troop in spite of losing all their games, have some fine players, and were for the most part unlucky, as they lost most of their games in one inning. Mr. Phillips, who pitched the last game for 2nd Troop surprised everybody by hitting two home runs in his first two times at bat, and he had never played the game before. H.Q. entered a team this year, built around Sgt. Galloway who 'belongs' to no troop, and consequently enters a team of his own. This team was perhaps the 2nd choice to win the championship, but they had quite a variety of players to choose from. 1st Troop, after losing a close game to 3rd, 19-16, came back strong, and defeated 2nd troop 24-20. This team with very few real baseball players was the surprise of the season, as no one (outside of First Troop) ever conceded them a chance of winning a game. Patterson, who pitched for first shows promise of becoming one of our stand-bys.

One cricket match has been completed to date, 2nd Troop defeating 1st Troop in a two day match. It would appear that 2nd Troop have most of the cricket talent, with Mr. Phillips as Captain, although H.Q. must be considered as a decided threat. Several out of town games have been played giving our players ample opportunity to learn about the game first-hand. Our two matches against Ridley College were very beneficial in this way. A match is proposed against Niagara Falls next month, and our players are practising steadily in preparation, and may be looked upon to give a good account of themselves. It must be remembered that cricket had not been played in the Squadron until the last few years, there being quite a lapse between the times when it was part of Squadron Sports, and our team gives every promise of becoming a decided threat to any opposition.

Football will soon be under way, and as most of the players are as yet, unknown quantities, we cannot say very much about this yet. However, after the games are under way, we will be able to more fully comment on this branch of the Sports.

"The elimination of war will never be achieved by wishful thinking or by mere appeal to emotion."—Jas. A. Angell.

The Voice.

It was Sunday morning, and contrary to our general rule we were up at 6.45 a.m. due in some measure to having just heard about seven different Reveilles and a very sad song on the bagpipes. The Troops had just gone to stables, leaving only a few "employed" in the lines, and quietness reigned, all the more conspicuous after the tremendous ovation with which the many hundred troops in Camp, had greeted the morning. Of a sudden, and with less warning than a Niagara Storm, we heard a noise like a wounded elephant, "Ahem Ahem, whats this. Don't the Cavalry sound Reveille on Sundays any more," and an unkempt figure, with not many clothes on entered the lines. Ever willing to be hospitable, we went to meet him. "Sir," we said the Squadron are at Stables," you can see them grooming from here." They're not grooming bellowed the VOICE "There're only leaning on the horse, lend me a sweater, and I'll go down and report myself." A sweater was found, and (reluctantly) loaned by Mickey, who happened to be around his hacienda and the VOICE marched, very erect, in the direction of Stables.

"Good morning Sergeant-Major sorry I'm late, where is my horse? Hey Charlie, what about a shirt... what, you don't know when you'll get it back? You should have joined the infantry, then you'd would know you'd never get it back,"...the Voice continues causing "Dog-robbers" to stir in their beds, and entertain thoughts of getting up....In St. Catharines, Old people are reminded of the days of town criers as the Voice, carried by the wind is buffeted up and down the streets. But, what does all this mean??? Charlie Smith Senior is in camp.

Cutting down expenses

A man on joining the army sent his civilian overcoat home and inclosed a letter saying:—

Dear Mother:

I am sending my overcoat home —and to save postage I have cut off the buttons, you will find them in the pocket.

Yours: Johannese Eneptus.

"Human history is not a logical, inevitable development in which the cause is always equal to the result." —Bruce Barton.

Here and There.

We are losing that talent which has made us famous as a writer of Literary Gems.....words will not emanate from our gifted pen, and finding news is like looking for our last pay-cheque....in short, we are not getting the inspiration so necessary to an artist of our calibre....however, as we hear the stern voice of the Editor, muttering into his beard "The Goat" will out," we pull our belt in a couple of holes, grasp the bit well between the teeth, and with the feet firmly home in the stirrups, we give you this months' news if it can be called such:.....very warm weather so far, and much cutting of grass, most of us are qualified reapers from previous Camps, and we are having "refreshers" this summer....we promised some sporting comments this month, and usually keep our word.....Taffy and Vinc Ward tried to introduce six day N.C.O. and Troopers Jumping at St. Kits and just as we were going to offer two-bits for a Sprint, Taffy won out....they jumped off five times altogether and both horses applied for furlough immediately afterwards....great stuff Comrades. and Vinc was the first to say Congratulations.....we say the same to them both, and to the other winners.....and are we glad to see good old First Troop come out on top?...our first love incidentally....the old and well worn cry "Whats Wrong with Second Troop" was again raised by some 25 limpid voices, strengthened by the trumpet like bass of Little Joe, when that troop lost two ball games to H.Q. and 1st Troop.....3rd Troop are "wearing" the new Championship Pennant, but for How Long?...some of the lads are counting the days to breaking camp,.....and these same lads were also looking forward to a happy Camp, and good harvest not to so very long ago.....The Barracks looks very deserted, and in spite of the "homy" atmosphere, we much prefer a tent, it is so much easier to "scrub out"....Al, with the usual brilliance found in one so talented, loaded his rifle with six charges, before he found that he had no magazine.....he was just about to report that he had a sawed off shot gun instead of a rifle.....Jake the Barber has a sawed off shot gun, if we are to believe

his tent mates....who were the two Braves who were almost annihilated by machine gun fire whilst canoeing (with suitable escorts) behind the rifle ranges..Vas You Dere Sharley...."There goes another marksman" murmured the young shoemsmith as he thoughtfully shot at some dandelions, twenty paces away....nice shooting George.....was it 120, or one point two?...it is still hot, and perspiration drips off our brow as we pen these words forming a small lake at our feet.....our limpid fingers will not hit the keys hard enough, and so we are using our feet....Thos Duff Esq., S.O.P. (Superintendent of Pioneers) and his motto "if its wet its clean (and in goes another bucket)" is having a good camp, and is talking of retiring and joining the R.C.R....Good Old Tom,....while the Canteen Sympathy orchestra plays an accompaniment (with Buff at the consol of the Mighty Steinbocker) we will raise our mellow voices in nineteen verses of "We'll miss you when you're gone Darling" in his honor.....there will never be another Duff....Camp is alright, General's Inspections, Marching order, Ordnance Fatigue, Engineers Fatigue...Musketry....M.G.....1st Aid.....baseball....cricket....and what not....just one long holiday.....we all have heard of Engineers Fatigue and Ordnance Fatigue, but who ever heard of a Saper being detailed for Dragoons' Fatigue?...it does not seem just....its quite humid....perspiration previously mentioned is now up to our knees, and we are wading to and fro as we continue with this agony.....The Bold Albert is keeping very quiet these days, his latest "Household hint" is as follows—"If you wear colored glasses whilst peeling onions (preferably red ones) you can easily imagine that the onions are beets, and the tears will simply refuse to come"....come on, fellers,....lets give him a big hand for

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that one....what a brain..... this doesn't seem just either.... the heat is mounting (without a word of command), and the already twice mentioned perspiration is fast becoming embarrassing it is up to our chin now....and not getting any lower....we can scarcely see....our mouth it full....we are chopnig.....but by reaching up our hands and standing on our toes, we can just type these last few words....glub....glub....glub..... there ain't not any Justice.

J. B. H.

He was in a telephone booth, and had just put in a pay call. He cursed volubly, as he cyanked down the hook to attract centrals attention "Hullo" came centra's clear voice —"HULLO" he roared, I want my money back, Mable refused to talk to me."

Capt. (on being bitten by dog)
"Whose confounded dog is that?"
Colonel: "My dog, Sir."
Capt. "Oh, Nice little dog."

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Football.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que.

Thursday July 13th, saw another interesting game of football played between the "Drags" and the "Hart Battery" What with Carpenter in the goal for the Drags and Jimmy Beatty in goal for the Hart Battery, it looked as if it was going to prove an interesting game for everybody, they are both pretty hard men to get by, Wheeler started the "ball" rolling when he made first score for the Drags, early in the first half of the game, this looked good to us, Hart Battery evidently did not think that one so hot, so sent one in for themselves making score of 1-1, for the rest of the period there was some hard playing on both sides but no score made, "Sailor" Lawrence, who was not playing on account of his injury was kept busy as linesman.

The second half opened up with decided action on the part of Hart Battery, we wonder what stories they told each other when they went into that ten minutes huddle, must have been good, on the whistle they were at it again, My, My, what is this? Hart Battery has another, Tut, Tut, come on the Drags, where is that man Hayes? There he is right on the job, he makes a pass at the ball, going, going, It's in, Atta-boy Frank.

Another twenty minutes of hard work, both teams are going right at it, they are not wasting time, Just a minute, Whats that? Hart Battery has scored another IMPOSSIBLE but true. Ten minutes to go and with a score of 3-2, it looks as if Hart Battery has the goods, but have they? that remains to be seen.

The Drags are working up to the Hart Battery Goal, Its getting close, Beatty see's one coming, tackles it, it glances off a few feet from the goal, and is promptly sent in by Dunk, (Neat work Dunk) making the final score for the Drags. Time is up, the score being 2-3. A good crowd turned out to watch the game, there does not seem to be much support from the troops themselves, Come on lads, lets get out and give our team the support it needs.

R.C.D's vs. Hart Battery.

Here we are again, on a fine Tuesday evening, July 19th, still slugging away at our old friends

Hart Battery, incidently they are still hammering away a Thus R.C.D's are showing heaps of improvement. Even though we do say it ourselves, and we should know.

The game opened up with lots of action, every man on the job and playing well, Quartly, feeling it about time that something happened watched his chance and scored on a penalty. That set things doing in earnest, The Hart Battery, seeing that we felt that way about it get down to business and played hard, the result was a score for their side making the things going in earnest, The Hart way about it decisive to get down to business and played hard, the result was a score for their side making the score 1-1 for the first half.

Ten minutes intermission, both teams in a huddle, we will have to sneak into one of those huddles and see if we can hear anything new, there goes the whistle, the game is on again, Carpenter right on his toes is down to business, the play is getting fast, it is getting too close to the Hart Battery goal to be comfortable. The ball still centre around that goal. This look bad for Hart Bat. if they do not get it out of there. It's too late, Marshall receives the ball, by sheer luck sees an opening and lets drive at it, good work a Hart player misses it, and it gets by the Goalie, How we don't know, but it is in. Neat work and good play.

After that the play is keener than ever, it looks as if the Drags are getting the breaks, there is not much more time to go, the game still centers around the Hart Battery Goal, Sailor receives the ball from Quartly, there is a scuffle for a few minutes and in goes the ball, some more hard work the Hart Battery realizing that the game is getting a little to hot manages to get the ball away from that dangerous point and up the field, There goes the whistle, the game is over, leaving a score of 3-1 in favour of the Drags. "Good old Drags, shows what they can do if they get down to business.

Bozo (in officers lines): "Where is this goat?"

Marshall: "it's in here, but don't turn the lights on, it will bark."

Bozo: "Will it bite?"

Marshall: "No, but it will butt."

History of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Compiled by the late Major T. A. James, R.C.D. and verified and edited by Mr. R. C. Featherston-
augh.

Mobilization

A Regimental Headquarters and two Squadrons having been authorized, Headquarters mobilized at Toronto and "A" and "B" Squadrons in Toronto and Winnipeg respectively. Recruiting was carried out at many points throughout the Dominion. At a later date further contingents of mounted troops were recruited, third of these, under the command of Lieut.-Col. V. A. S. Williams R.C.D. and with Capt. C. T. Van Straubenzee R.C.D. as Adjutant, sailing the following year.

Departure from Canada

Recruiting having been completed, the 1st Canadian Mounted Rifles prepared to sail from Canada on the S.S. Montezuma on January 20th 1900, but, typhoid fever being found on this ship, a change of plan resulted and the unit was delayed until February 21st, when it sailed on the S.S. Milwaukee. The marching out state on this occasion was: Officers 17, warrant officers 1, Staff-sergeants and Sergeants 22, trumpeters 4, other ranks 325, total 369, with 368 horses.

Lieut.-Col. Lessard and Major Forester had preceded the Regiment to South Africa where Colonel Lessard, before the arrival of the 1st C.M.R. served on the staff of Sir John French, G.O.C. the Cavalry Division, taking part in the operations at Colesburg and in the relief of Kimberley.

Arrival in South Africa

The Regiment arrived at Capetown on March 21st, 1900, but due to rough weather did not disembark until March 26th. Following disembarkation, the unit proceeded to camp at Green Point, a windy, sandy plain about two miles from Capetown and under Table Mountain, where it remained until April 4th.

April 4th to 10th, 1900

The Regiment moved from Capetown on April 4th, completing

a march of 23 miles to Stellenbosch on April 5th. At Stellenbosch it entrained for Bloemfontein, 'B' Squadron on April 8th, 'A' Squadron on April 9th, and H.Q. Details on April 10th.

April 10th to 30th, 1900

In this period, 'B' Squadron, separated from the main body of the Regiment, was in action with the 1st Infantry Corps on April 22nd, 23rd and 24th at Leekop and the Waterworks, 23 miles east and 28 miles south-east of Bloemfontein respectively. Lieut. C. T. Van Straubenzee's horse was shot in these operations and other horses were wounded. On April 25th 'A' Squadron and Regimental Headquarters were inspected by the Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar, V.C., who expressed himself as well satisfied with their appearance and bearing.

Mounted Infantry Column

On May 1st, the scattered elements were reunited and the Regiment joined the 1st Mounted Infantry Corps of the Mounted Infantry Brigade to take part in the advance upon Pretoria. The Brigade was commanded by Maj.-General E. T. H. Hutton, former General officer commanding the Canadian Militia, and the 1st Corps was commanded by Lieut.-Colonel E. A. H. Alderson, who afterwards in the Great War commanded the 1st Canadian Division and the Canadian Corps. The 1st Mounted Infantry Corps in South Africa was composed of the 1st Battalion, M.I., made up chiefly of companies of British Regular regiments, the 1st Battalion Canadian Mounted Rifles R.C.D. and the 2nd, Canadian Mounted Rifles. The Canadians numbering 34 officers and 700 men, constituted the major part of Colonel Alderson's command, and the Corps would have been almost entirely Canadian had not Strathcona's Horse, originally allotted to it, been transferred to another command.

Bushman's Kop

"B" Squadron furnished advance guard to the Mounted Infantry column on May 3rd. The enemy allowed the advance party to come close to their position at Bushman's Kop and then opened heavy fire. The Regiment dis-



Father and son of the same Regiment.

Sergeant and L/Cpl. Jewkes of the Royal Canadian Dragoon

mounted and, after an engagement of about two hours, the enemy retired. The advance was then resumed and bivouacs were established for the night four miles north of the Kop. Casualties 1 man wounded; 4 horses wounded.

May 4th, 1900

Contact was made with the enemy at Constantia. Our men were subjected to artillery and rifle fire, but the enemy retired, leaving a quantity of stores, which we burned. Bivouacked at 5 p.m. two miles north of Beisebult Kop.

Vett River

On May 5th, the enemy occupied a strong position on and near the Vett River and surrounding kopjes. 'A' Squadron was detailed to escort a battery of Royal Horse Artillery; and 'B' Squadron, acting dismounted, advanced under fire towards the river and engaged the enemy. On this occasion Lieuts Borden and Turner and five men swam the river under fire. On the opposite side, they found forty or fifty Boers entrenched in a stone kraal. They engaged these enemy, while 'B' Squadron mounted and, finding a narrow ford, crossed the river under sharp rifle fire.

For this engagement, the 1st Mounted Infantry Corps was congratulated by the Commander-in-Chief. The action of Lieuts. Borden and Turner and their five men, and the subsequent action of 'B' Squadron in crossing the river

der fire until 3 p.m. when the enemy retired.

Marching continually on the three days that followed, the 1st Mounted Infantry Corps reached Kroonstadt at 5 p.m. on May 13th and there remained, resting and awaiting supplies, until the 19th. On May 17th one hundred men from the 1st and 2nd C.M.R. were sent to arrest enemy whose presence had been reported about thirty-five or forty miles to the north-west. This party returned on May 19th with one Boer commandant, nine Johannesburg police and twenty other Boer prisoners.

May 20th to 26th

Continuing to march with the column on the days that followed the 1st Battalion, Canadian Mounted Rifles, bivouacked on the night of May 20th at Doorn Spruit; on the 21st at Bosch Kopje; on the 22nd and 23rd at Essenbosch; on the 24th at White Kopfontein; on the 25th, after crossing the Vaal River at Biljoen's Drift and exchanging a few shots with the enemy at Riet Spruit; and on the 26th at Wildebeestfontein.

The Klip River

Proceeding from Wildbeestfontein at 6 a.m. on May 27th the Regiment sighted the Klip River about 11 o'clock and on crossing by a bridge, came under brisk artillery and long range rifle fire. Across the open plain about a mile away, the Boers held a line of small kopjes and it was necessary to seize these to enable the Cavalry Division to turn the enemy's right. Seizure of the kopjes was entrusted to the 1st and 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles, and the task was successfully carried out.

Before dark that night, the 1st C.M.R. relieved the 2nd C.M.R., in the occupied front line and there remained, under fairly steady shell fire, until the following afternoon when, the

were highly commended by various senior officers.

May 7th to 19th, 1900

The units arrived at Welgelegen at 1.30 p.m., May 7th. Intelligence reported the enemy, 8,000 strong, eight miles further on at Virginia Siding. The unit accordingly saddled up and proceeded to the Zand River, where the Boers were blowing up the railroad line and bridge. At 4 p.m. contact was made with the enemy, who opened heavy artillery fire. Realizing that the Boer forces were powerful and strongly entrenched, the General broke off the engagement and ordered the Mounted Infantry back to Welgelegen. From this point the Corps advanced on May 9th to Du Preez Laager, where on the following day it was joined by the Cavalry Division, under General Sir John French. At 11.30 a.m. on May 10th while co-operating with the Cavalry, the Mounted Infantry came into touch with the enemy. The men of the 1st C.M.R. were ordered to dismount and were un-

Officers and men

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Cavalry's turning movement having been completed, it was ordered to retire. Fire at this time marked the enemy's last effort before falling back on Johannesburg.

The Capture of a Convoy

On May 29th, the Brigade marched at 6 a.m. About noon patrols reported a convoy of Boers to the right front. Permission to pursue this convoy was granted by Sir John French and the Corps captured three wagons one of ammunition and the others filled with looted clothing and stores. Reporting on this action Lieut. Col. Lessard wrote:—"I must specially mention Lieut. Borden who with his troop acted as a flank guard to the 1st Corps. They were the first to come in touch with the rear of the enemy's convoy and it was they who captured the wagons. No. 431 Pte. F. S. Morrison later Colonel F. S. Morrison, C.M.G. D.S.O. of 'B' Squadron, was with Lieut. Borden, and whilst the men were dismounted, some of the led horses got loose and he had pluck enough and coolness to collect these horses and bring them under cover. This was done under rifle fire."

June 2nd to 5th, 1900

On June 2nd, the Mounted Infantry Brigade moved camp to Klipfontein, and on the 3rd marched to Kalkhevel. About 4 p.m. heavy firing was heard and reports stated the Cavalry ahead was hotly engaged. Ordered up at a trot, the Mounted Infantry found on arrival that the enemy had trapped an advance party of the Cavalry between a range of kopjes, killing or wounding practically the entire personnel. The 1st and second Canadian Mounted Rifles were ordered to turn the enemy's right flank and carried this out successfully, the 1st C. M.R. then occupying for the night the kopje commanding the pass where the Cavalry had been surprised.

Next day, the Regiment remained in occupation of the kopje, covering the advance of the Division through the pass, with orders to form a rear-guard and follow when all troops and baggage had moved through in safety. The Mounted Infantry Brigade bivouacked for the night at Broedeh-Stroom, but the Regiment conti-

nued to hold its commanding position until the following day, June 5th, when it acted as rear guard to the column and moved forward to Zandfontein. There news was received that Pretoria had fallen and that Lord Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief, had entered the town that day.

Pretoria

After bivouacking over night at Zandfontein, the Regiment on June 6th marched with the Mounted Infantry Brigade through the streets of Pretoria to Koudoespoort, about seven miles east, and there remained in Camp for two days. Proceeding on June 9th, the Regiment marched to Kameel Drift, where it spent the two days that followed.

Kameel Fontein

Advancing from Kameel Drift towards Kameelfontein on June 11th, the 1st Battalion, Canadian Mounted Rifles, was ordered to hold a series of important kopjes about 500 to 800 yards from the Boer lines, as part of an operation in which the Cavalry Division and the Mounted Infantry Corps sought to turn the enemy's right. Having lost many horses in the rapid advance to Pretoria, the Cavalry and Mounted Infantry were unsuccessful and barely held their own in two consecutive days of hard fighting. The main British force, however, under Lord Roberts, succeeded where the mounted effort had failed and forced the Boers to retire, relieving the Cavalry and The Mount Infantry from a difficult situation. The Mounted Infantry Brigade then advanced to Brockenfont'skop Drift and there bivouacked on the night of June 12th.

Rie Fontein and Olifantsfontein

On July 6th, 'A' Squadron of the 1st C.M.R. acted as escort to two R.H.A. guns in action with flank guard, and the unit marched to Rietfontein, arriving about 5 p.m. Next day the Regiment acted as escort to two R.H.A. guns in a march by Standerton Road towards Olifantsfontein, where the Boer laager had been reported. The enemy were found in force near Olifantsfontein and shelling commenced on both sides, the Regiment suffering a number of casualties, which included Capt. C. M. Nelles, wounded; seven men

wounded; and five horses killed and wounded. Finding the enemy too strong to overcome the General Officer Commanding ordered a retirement to Rietfontein.

Springbok—The Regimental Badge

At Rietfontein the Regiment, partially surrounded remained for six days. Alarms were frequent in the period and a series of outpost encounters and of duties in escorting guns, added to the prevailing tension.

During one outpost tour, an incident provided the genesis of the present Regimental badge. All was quiet; but an officer noticed that a number of springbok some distance away, were behaving peculiarly. It is the habit of these little antelopes to bound occasionally into the air and, in the moment of elevation above the flat veldt, to scan the surrounding country for approaching enemies. Noting that the springbok were uneasy, without apparent cause, the officer ordered a stand-to, as a result of which his post met successfully an attack by a party of Boers, whose clever approach under cover the restlessness of the springbok had indicated. Col. Lessard was so impressed by this striking incident that he sought authority to use a springbok bounding, as a Regimental badge. His request eventually was granted, and cap and collar badges of the Royal Canadian Dragoons today commemorate the warning given by the springbok in South Africa.

(To be continued.)

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The instructor had explained with much detail the method of carrying out a certain cavalry formation, suddenly the face of one of the recruits lit up with an expression of amazement as he explained—"Why Sir, that's the way they do it in the Army."

The Third King's Own Hussars.

(By Trooper R. Maurice Hill, Legion of Frontiersmen, Member of the Society for Army Historical Research.)

The Third King's Own Hussars, who recently returned from India, and are now stationed at the Cavalry Barracks, York, have a long and interesting record of service. The regiment was raised in 1635 from independent troops of cavalry raised in Berkshire, Middlesex Hertfordshire, and Essex, and was at first known as "The Queen Consort's Regiment of Dragoons."

The regiment's first war service was in Ireland, where it fought under William III at the Boyne and Aughrim. Later it accompanied William to Flanders, and served with the covering force at the famous siege of Namur. Shortly before returning to England in 1697, one its squadrons had a combat with the celebrated French Carabiniers and emerged successful. At that time, and for many years afterwards, the Carabiniers of France were regarded by many competent critics as the finest cavalry regiments, and composed of picked men, whose officers underwent a special scientific course of training, unusual in those days, when warfare was not yet regarded as "an exact science," the regiment well deserved its proud motto of "Always on the Path to Honour," and it was a very creditable performance on the part of "The Queen Consort's Own Regiment of Dragoons" to hold their own against such doughty opponents.

In 1702 The Queen Consort's Own Dragoons took part in the combined naval and military operations against Cadiz, the principal naval port of Spain and Vigo, where thirteen Spanish men-of-war containing bullion to the value of two million pounds sterling, were captured. The regiment also fought at Alameda in Spain in 1707, now chiefly remembered as the first battlefield on which the Union Flag (popularly, but not correctly known as "The Union Jack") made its appearance.

In 1704 the regimental title was changed to "The King's Own Regiment of Dragoons" and in the following year the regiment was on active service in Lanca-

shire and Scotland, helping to suppress the Jacobite Rebellion. Its services in this direction were rewarded by the granting of White Horse of Hanover within the Garter, which still remains the regimental crest.

The first of the numerous Battle Honours which grace the Drum Banners of the 3rd King's Own Hussars was won on June 27th, 1743, at Dettingen, in Germany. A combined British and Hanoverian army, under the actual command of Field Marshal the Earl of Stair, although the King of England, George II (who was nominally in command) and his son, the Duke of Cumberland, were also present, had been manoeuvred into what is colloquially known as "a tight corner". Their food supplies were running short, and there seemed every possibility that, after a lapse of centuries, the French would get their revenge for Crecy and Poitiers. After the last-mentioned battle, King John of France had been led captive through the streets of London. Now it looked as if the the wheel of fortune had turned and a King of England would be led as a prisoner through the streets of Paris, to grace the triumph of a Marshall of France. Indeed, very early in the engagement, King George's horse bolted with him, whereupon His Majesty dismounted and fought throughout the rest of the day on foot, saying that he could trust his legs not to run away with him! At one time the King would certainly have been killed or captured but for the bravery and devotion of some men of the 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment of Foot who rallied round him under an oak tree in memory of which that regiment still wears an acorn and oak-leaves as its badges.

The battle lasted four hours, and ended in the rout of the French even the Gardes Francaises being put to flight—a French account describes them as "running with great precipitation into the Maine, where nearly as many were drowned as were killed in the fighting." The wits of the French barrack-rooms christened their Guardsmen "Canards du Mein," ("Ducks of the Maine.") after this debacle, and the use of this nickname caused many duels in the French army for years afterwards.

During the battle, The King's

Own Dragoons, like the rest of the British cavalry, made several charges. One account says, "Three times did this gallant regiment charge into the French massed infantry, outnumbering them four to one; and thrice did they overthrow the enemy's horse. The brunt of the fighting fell on the British, whose losses far exceeded the combined casualties of the Allies, the principal sufferers being The King's Own Dragoons all their officers but two, and more than half their men being killed or wounded." In addition, the regiment lost over three hundred horses on this day. Albert Lee, in his excellent account of the battle of Dettingen which appears in 'The History of the Thirty Third Foot, (1st Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment), describes how "the French thundered on, the flower of the French Cavalry sworn in hand, at high speed. They were met at first by the King's Own Dragoons, who rode out against them, two weak squadrons against nine squadrons of the enemy. Their depth was but three ranks, as against eight ranks of the French but they went straight at them, burst right through them, and cut their way through with heavy loss." At a somewhat later stage in the battle "there was the prospect of a second charge (i.e. by the massed French cavalry) and those who awaited it with such resolution saw that their left flank was likely to be turned. It could scarcely mean less than annihilation for the 33rd, but The King's Own Dragoons, to prevent such a disaster, drove into the midst of the rallying cavalry, and cut their way through, after some fearful fighting, when each man had ten to contend with. By the time they rode through, they were practically annihilated, but they had given the infantry time to prepare for any fresh charge."

It has already been told, in the preceding paragraph. How the King's Own Dragoons sacrificed themselves at Dettingen to save a Yorkshire regiment—for the 33rd is, of course, the West Riding Regiment. There is another point, also, which makes the story of Dettingen of more than usual interest to Yorkshiremen, for among all the heroes who distinguished themselves at that hard-fought battle none earned greater honour than a Yorkshire-borne Trooper, of

The King's Own Dragoons, a native of Kirkleatham who bore the good old English name of Tom Brown. Captain Sir George Arthur, Bart. in his monumental work, "The Story of The Household Cavalry," described Brown as 'a hero in a regiment of heroes,' and, as the following account of his prowess will show, the description was not undeserved.

"Thomas Brown, who had been more than a year in the service, singularly distinguished himself by his intrepidity. After having had two horses killed under him, and lost two fingers of his left hand, seeing a regimental standard borne off by some of the enemy, he galloped into their midst, shot the soldier who was carrying off the standard, and having seized it and thrust it between his thigh and the saddle, he gallantly fought his way back through the hostile ranks; and though covered with wounds, bore the prize in triumph to his comrades, who greeted him with cheers. In this valiant exploit, Brown received eight wounds in his face, head and neck; three balls went through his hat, and two lodged in his back, whence they could never be extracted."

"The fame of Tom Brown soon spread through the Kingdom; his health was drunk with enthusiasm his achievement was painted on signboards, and prints representing his person and heroic deeds were sold in abundance. He recovered of his wounds so far as to be able to serve for a short time in the Life Guards, but being ultimately found disqualified for further service he retired on a pension of £30 a year, to the town of Yarn (where there was a sign commemorating his valour) and died in this retirement in 1746."

Besides appointing Brown to be a "Private Gentleman" of his Life Guards King George II also created him a "Knight Banneret" on the field of battle. Dettingen saw the last appearance of a King of England at the head of his troops on active service until King George visited his armies in Flanders in 1915 and was also the last occasion on which knighthoods were bestowed on the actual battlefield by the Sovereign.

The King's Own Dragoons were also present at the Battle of Fontenoy, and the regiment was among those ordered to home to quell the Jacobite Rebellion in 1745, taking

part in the Battles of Clifton Moor and Culloden. In 1751 the regiments of the British Army were, for the first time, officially numbered, and that which forms the subject of this article became the Third King's Own Dragoons. In 1758 the Light Troop formed part of the Expedition sent to capture Cherbourg. Apart from this, the regiment saw no more active service until 1809, when it was sent to Holland to join the Walcharen Expedition. Two years later, the 3rd Dragoons joined Wellington's Army in the Peninsula. Whilst under the command of the "Iron Duke", the regiment was present at the following sieges or battles—Ciudad Rodrico Badajoz, Almaraz, Salamanca, Burgos, Vittoria and Toulouse.

Of all their Peninsular Battle Honours, Salamanca is the one regarded with the greatest pride, for in that engagement, which Wellington himself always regarded as his best and most satisfactory victory, the 3rd King's Own Dragoons distinguished themselves in several successful charges. They formed part of the brigade commanded by Major General Sir John Gaspard le Marchant, a brave and scientific soldier. He was the first "Lieutenant Governor" of the Royal Military College. It has been said that "The British cavalry owe to le Marchant their first initiation into the art of using their swords effectively in a of the Third Division, le Marchant's personal experience when on the battlefield in Flanders, on observing the many instances of discomfiture which our Dragoons experienced in single combat with the enemy; also on learning from the surgeons that many of the troopers' wounds had been inflicted by no other weapons than their own; while their poor horses, perhaps the principal victims, were often gashed about the head and neck by their riders." General Sir Thomas Picton, that outspoken "rough diamond" among generals, who commanded the famous "Fighting Third" Division in the Peninsula, and who was notorious for the blunt way in which he criticized the shortcomings or weaknesses of his colleagues, irrespective of rank, expressed his opinion of le Marchant and his brigade in the words, "I always feel easy when le Merchant and his men are between me and the enemy, they

do their duty and can be trusted. I heartily wish some of the others were like them!"

At Salamanca, le Marchant rode straight for the enemy, well ahead of his brigade, which consisted of the 3rd and 4th Dragoons (now Hussars) and the 5th Dragoon Guards—1,200 sabres, nine squadrons, in two lines. Napier, the famous soldier-historian of the Peninsular War, has written a graphic description of the advance of the English cavalry at Salamanca,—“a whirling cloud of dust moving swiftly forward and carrying within it the trampling sound of a charging multitude. At its passed the left of the Third Division, le Marchant, heavy horsemen, flanked by Anson's Light Cavalry broke out at full speed, and the next instant 1,200 French infantry, formed in several lines were trampled down with terrible clangour and tumult. Bewildered and blinded they cast away their arms, and ran through the openings of the British squadrons, stooping and demanding quarter, while the dragoons, big men on big horses, rode onward, smiting with their long glittering swords in uncontrollable power, and the Third Division following at speed, shouted as the French masses fell in succession before this dreadful charge.”

It was the most successful onslaught made by British cavalry during the five years of the Peninsular War. They overcame every obstacle and overthrew every French unit which attempted to block their path, yet it was no easily earned victory, for it is recorded that “the French, cut down by the troopers, and trampled under their horses' feet, offered all the resistance that brave men could.”

Le Marchant was shot in the groin and killed instantaneously while leading the last charge against the already broken and fleeing French. Like Sir John Moore (to whom in personal character, he bore a distinct resemblance,) he was buried on the battlefield, wrapped in his military cloak, only four persons being present at his funeral, his son (an Ensign in the Guards), a wounded officer of the King's Dragoon Guards, who read the burial service; a medical officer and the general's own servant. So ended the finest cavalry officers in the

British Army.

For a regiment which had been right in the thick of such a hard fought engagement, the losses of the 3rd King's Own Dragoons at Salamanca were surprisingly small one officer and six other ranks killed, eleven other ranks wounded. They missed the Battle of Waterloo, but the 3rd was one of the regiments which served in France with the Army of Occupation after Napoleon's overthrow. The title of the corps was altered in 1818 to the 3rd King's Own Light Dragoons.

So far the history of the regiment has been concerned entirely with campaigns in Europe, but in 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession, the 3rd Light Dragoons were ordered to India, and their first tour service in “the shiny East” was a memorable period in the regimental annals.

During the operations in Afghanistan and the brief Gwalior campaign, the Third formed part of the Army of Reserve; but the outbreak of war against the Sikhs gave them better chances of distinction, and these were seized with avidity. The Sikhs were better armed and disciplined than most Asiatic armies, for their rulers had employed European military instructors for years. Also, their religion taught them to regard themselves as a superior race, whose destiny it was to conquer. The first big battle of the campaign was fought at Moodkee on the 18th of December 1843, and resulted in a victory for the British, who captured 17 guns, but sustained 872 casualties in doing so; the 3rd Light Dragoons lost 2 officers and 58 other ranks killed, 3 officers and 32 other ranks wounded.

Three days later another battle was fought at Ferozeshan, and again the result was in favour of the British though the losses on both sides were heavy. The Sikhs were driven across the Sutlej river, leaving many guns behind them. The British losses were so heavy during the early stages of the fighting that suggestions for a withdrawal were made, but the Commander-in-Chief (Sir Hugh Gough) refused to agree to this, saying “Better that our bones should whiten on the field than that we should retire!” As has so often been the case in the history of our army, the dogged courage of the British soldier was

sufficient to turn a probable defeat into a very certain victory. In this battle the 3rd Light Dragoons lost 2 officers and 53 other ranks killed, 7 officers and 86 other ranks wounded.

At the Battle of Sobraon, 19th February 1846, the 3rd King's Own Light Dragoons again distinguished themselves. A staff officer who witnessed their conduct on this occasion speaks of their ‘invincible bravery’ while Gen. Sir Hugh Gough's despatch refers to their services in the following terms:

“The Sikhs, even when at particular points their entrenchments were mastered with the bayonet, strove to regain them by the fiercest conflict sword in hand. Nor was it until the cavalry of the left, under Major General Sir Joseph Thackwell, had moved forward and ridden through the openings in the entrenchments made by our Sappers, in single file, and re-formed as they passed them, and the 3rd Light Dragoons whom no obstacle usually held formidable by horse appears to check had on this day as at Ferozeshah galloped over and cut down the obstinate defenders of batteries and field works, and until the full weight of three divisions of infantry, with every field artillery gun which could be sent to their aid, had been cast into the scale that victory finally declared for the British. Major General Sir Joseph Thackwell has established a claim on this day to the rare commendation of having achieved much with a cavalry force, where the duty to be done consisted of an attack on field works, usually supposed to be the particular province of infantry and artillery.

The losses of the regiment at Sobraon were much lighter than might have been expected 5 men killed, 4 officers, 22 other ranks wounded.

At the battle of Chilianwallah (13th January, 1849, a timely charge by Number Four, “The Grey Horses” Squadron of the Dragoons frustrated an attempt by the enemy to turn the British left flank. The severity of the opposition encountered by this squadron may be judged from the fact that out of 106 who went into action when the squadron re-formed it had only 46 mounted men left.

After the Punjaub Campaigns, the 3rd King's Own Light Dra-

goons had a long spell of peaceful garrison duty, for the fates ordained that they should leave India too soon to take part in the suppression of the Sepoy Mutiny, and should have arrived home too recently to be among the cavalry regiments sent out to the Crimea. In 1861 the regiment was converted from Light Dragoons to Hussars, otherwise there is nothing of outstanding interest to record in connection with the half century, which elapsed before the regiment took the field again. Nor does the regiment's share in the Boer War call for any special comment, for the Third did not reach South Africa until 1902, by which time all the important general actions had been fought and only guerilla warfare still continued.

(To be continued)

The Trooping of the Colour on the King's birthday is one of the most impressive of all military pageants. The British Army has its public displays of another kind, splendidly done, as at the Royal Tournament and the Aldershot Tattoo.

The Trooping of the Colour is solely ceremonial, an annual festival celebrated with pomp and splendour, in which the units that participate represent the whole of the nation's military forces. It is the symbolic expression of the loyalty and discipline the gallantry and devotion of the British Army.

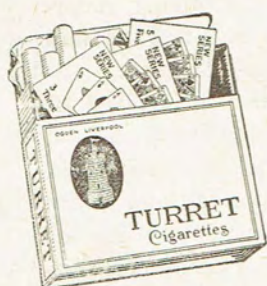
The record of the British Army is written large across the history of the world. We do not pretend that it has fought invariably on the right side, but few indeed are the unworthy causes it has defended. It has brought freedom and security to untold millions.

When foreign aggression has menaced us, it has preserved these islands inviolate and defended our rights. In many climes, from the snows to the tropics, it has fought honourably, sometimes against desperate odds.

Micky, our most popular barrack dog, for the last week has been quite sick. Sailor Lawrence wants to know, from Sergeant Forgraves if we have any Iodine?

“The eulogy of war as a major civilizing force in history is as unhistorical and unscientific as the race myth.”—Harry Elmer Barnes.

Some Things ARE Puzzling . . .



10 for 10c.
20 for 20c.
25 for 25c.
—and in flat tins of
fifty and one hundred.

May be you can't pull a bunny out of a silk topper but pulling a good cigarette out of a Turret package is the easiest thing you know. For every cigarette in it is good --- as cool, as fragrant, as satisfying a smoke as you ever touched a light to. There is no trick about Turret goodness . . . they're made from better tobacco.

Save the Poker Hands

Quality and Mildness
Turret
CIGARETTES

Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited.

Poker Hands are also packed with TURRET Pipe Tobacco and TURRET Cigarette Tobacco.

Letters to the Editor.

June 29, 1933.

The Editor, The Goat,
Cavalry Barracks,
St. Johns, Que.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find \$1.50 in payment of your magazine for the ensuing year. The Goat was first introduced in this Mess by a member of the R.C.D.'s overseas, C. H. Meeker, who is now Staff Sergeant for No. 28 Fd. Amb. C. A. M. C. As the sergeants of that unit have no mess of their own they are members of the above mess, and as a result Staff Sergeant Meeker has been instrumental in having some of the Warrant Officers of your unit stationed in Toronto, attend various social events of this Mess.

If at any time any member of your unit is in Kitchener he is invited to avail himself of the privileges of this Mess, this helping to lead we hope to a better spirit of co-operation and friendliness between members of the Regular Forces and the N.P.A.M.

Sincerely yours,

L. F. Crowther, Sgt.
Secretary-treasurer.

Colonel (in heated argument with a Police officer about pick-pockets) "You mean to tell me that you have pick-pockets in this place, Bunk,

Police Officer: "That's right."

Colonel: "If you have they are all dead, now in Boston...."

Police Officer: "I'll make a bet with you Sir, I'll bet you five dollars that if you walk across that street you will have your pocket picked."

Colonel: "That's a bet," and starts across.

Police Officer (to pick-pocket he sees standing near) "See that man walking across the street, go and get me his watch," "I'll square you, and give you a dollar besides."

Pick-pocket (after some thought) "All right Guv'nor, that's a go," puts his hand in his pocket and produces the watch."

General (having trouble with telephone).

"Look here' is there a fool at that end."

Voice: "Not at this end, Sir."

War Relic Preserved.

Chalk Badge of New Brunswick's
"Fighting 26th" Finds Resting
Place in Museum

(From The News, St. Johns, Que.)

Among the interesting relics of the great war that will be preserved in the military department of the New Brunswick museum is the large chalk badge of the 26th Battalion. This much prized emblem, which once marked the lines held by New Brunswick's "Fighting 26th", bears a strange history. When the 26th Battalion Overseas Club presented the badge to the museum it was accompanied by the following historical sketch:

"In the spring of 1918 at Etaples in the 2nd Canadian Division base lines the 26th Battalion was the only unit in the division base whose lines had no distinguishing mark, and H. L. Little and W. C. McKiel, at that time passing through the base in a draft to the 26th Battalion, decided to remedy this condition and secured samples of chalk from various sources, but found defects in one after another and had to throw them away. They finally secured a slab 24 x 20 x 10 inches, about four miles from camp. This they carried by short stages to their lines and labored on it about three weeks, dodging all fatigues and parades that could be dodged, and finally produced a very fine duplicate of the 26th badge on the face of the slab and placed it on the end of the unit's lines, and the second day after completing the job they were drafted up the line.

"Shortly after this, the bases of our Canadian divisions were consolidated on the grounds that had been previously occupied by the 4th Canadian Division. When the 2nd Division vacated their lines the chalk slab marking the lines of the 26th was not taken.

"S. G. Barter, a 26th casualty from the Hill 70 show, was at that time stationed at the base and he did not like the idea of this slab being left behind, so he took it down and carried it by easy stages to the quartermaster's stores and decided to remove that portion of the slab that had been carved into a representation of the 26th badge, with the names of the important battles underneath it, and send at home as a souvenir. When he got ready to send it he took it down to the officers' lines

and had it censored before closing it up. The officer took charge of it, and undertook to have it sent to Barter's daughter, at that time living in St. John, and in the presence of Barter he put it on a shelf in the room where he was staying at that time.

"Barter went up the line in May, and returned in November, and as he had not heard of the parcel arriving at its destination he went down to the building where the officer had been quartered in the spring to make enquiries as to what happened to the parcel. He found the building unoccupied but eventually gained entrance and found the parcel lying on the shelf exactly where the officer had put it away. He took it with him and on a trip to Paris had an express company undertake to send it to St. John and paid the charges—23 francs.

"In due course it arrived at New York and was forwarded on to St. John and delivered after the payment of an additional \$1.20.

"When Barter arrived home the 26th Battalion had been demobilized, and there was no active organization of the former members of the unit, so he took it to his home at Avondale.

"Some four years ago the 26th Battalion Overseas Club was organized and at the fourth annual banquet Mr. Barter presented the badge to the club. Fortunately both the members of the battalion who made the badge—Little and McKiel, were present."

It was a quarter six on a fine summer's morning, reveille having gone at half past five, the troops were wending their very way to pay their morning compliments to their long nosed equestrian friends, suddenly a diminutive bleat came from the Officer lines, drew everybody's attention in that direction.

"What is the devil is that" asked an N.C.O.

"Baa" it came again.

"Don't talk back" said the N.C.O. on perceiving a goat tied up in one of the stalls. "Where did you come from?"

There was a silence, The N.C.O. turned to go out, "Baa" remarked the goat.

What the ultimate fate of this animal will be, is unknown, it may go back to the great open spaces, from whence it came, "Ghandi" might buy it, it might be used as a mascot, time will tell.

GETTING HIS GOAT

There was a man of high degree
Once went to stables, and there
did see.

A goat tied in a spare stall there,
With whiskers and coat, with long
white hair.

"Who put that goat in there?"
he cried.

"The picquet" the stableman softly
sighed.

"Then call them in and line up
here."

I'll solve this problem, or stop
your beer."

The picquet filed in, came to a
halt.

"Whose Goat is that?" asked old
Sam Salt.

"He belonged to the 'Vics' please
Sergt-Major.

Answered a beery faced old stag-
ger.

"Take the D—N (thing) to the
old tin shed."

Quoted old Sam Salt (is my face
red) ????

The Goat was ushered away in dis-
grace—

With mournful look, and, down
cast face.

"Now Listen, here' one and all,"
The main squeeze did loudly bawl.
"As long as I am well and able."
I'm the only goat allowed in this
stable."

The old swimming flat has been
very much in demand during the
month, everybody making full use
of it during the hot weather. There
is a big improvement in the beach
this summer as it is being widened
and cleared up by the unemployed
who are at present staying in the
old Fort, Cavalry Barracks, St.
Johns. One of our swimming en-
thusiasts, was late for afternoon
stables the other day, on being
questioned on this thusness he re-
plied—"You see Sir, I went
down for a swim this afternoon,
and was enjoying it, all at once
some Hail, Hearty, Well—met son
of-a-gun comes into the water
gives me a hard slap on the back,
and I have to spend the rest of
the afternoon looking for me
teeth Sir," (We suggest that a
sign be put up on the beach" Ab-
solutely to be no patting on the
back while in the water, under
any consideration.)

"Human courage rises far above
any terror yet invented."—Herbert
Hoover.

Bombs to Destroy British Ships.

How a War-Time Plot Was Foiled
And the Conspirators Captured.

By Lt.-Col. N. Thwaites, who exposed German sabotage in New York.

(Newcastle Weekly Chronicle)

In 1916, after being wounded at Messines, I was sent to New York to engage in contra-espionage and endeavour to curb the activities of Germans and pro-Germans in the United States.

At that time Captain, now Admiral Sir Guy Gaunt was the British Naval Attache there.

One morning, shortly after my arrival, Captain Gaunt sent for me.

"I have just received a message over the telephone," he said. "A man speaking inferior English offers to reveal important secrets for a consideration. He wants a British officer, able to speak German, to bring with him 2,000 dollars (about £400) to the Kaiserhof Hotel in Hoboken. It looks like a trap. So be careful. Better take a gun with you and some money."

He threw a heavy service revolver across his desk.

The Meeting.

Making my way across the Hudson River I had no difficulty in finding the meeting place, a not too respectable public-house facing the North German Lloyd Docks.

A policeman passed as I approached this saloon, and with the object of learning something about the character of the place, and possibly of enlisting his aid in the event of "rough stuff" being "pulled," I accosted him. But he spoke in so pronounced a German accent that I thought it wiser to leave him out of the scene, as being more likely to molest than protect me from attack.

At the street entrance to the hotel a man accosted me. "Are you looking for Herr—?" he asked me in German. I replied in the affirmative and at the top of a short stairway found, as directed, a youth aged about 18.

With some agitation he suggested that I should hire a room in the place where we could speak without interruption. This sounded too

much like entering a trap, so I made a counter proposal.

It was midday, and I suggested that if he liked to meet me at the Lackawanna Railway Station, a few hundred yards away. I would buy him luncheon and listen to what he had to say. This did not suit him.

We were on a small landing lit by a window some 30 feet from the ground. I stood with my back to this, my face in the shadow, the youth's face in the light.

Opposite were two doors leading to bedrooms. Glancing out of the window to discover whether I had a good line of retreat, I observed the man who had greeted me at the door looking up at the window which looked out upon the back of the premises.

Obdurate Youth.

Obviously that was not open to retreat in the event of need, so I cut short our discourse and told the young fellow to meet me over luncheon. He refused although I pointed out that the Negro waiters at the station restaurant were not likely to understand German. The youth remained obdurate. I shrugged my shoulders and told him to please himself. My steps were hastened by the sound of voices in one of the rooms. About 100 yards down the road I looked back—the youth was following me.

I had ordered my luncheon by

the time he sidled diffidently into the restaurant where I persuaded him to partake of nourishment while he whispered his story. It was sufficiently astounding.

He gave no names and revealed no details beyond asserting that a gang of Germans was working night and day manufacturing incendiary bombs for the destruction of allied cargoes of war materials at sea. The youth refused

pointblank to say more until he had received at least a portion of the 2,000 dollars he demanded for his information.

I handed him the equivalent of a £5 note, and told him I would meet him next day at any place he named, bringing with him a sample bomb.

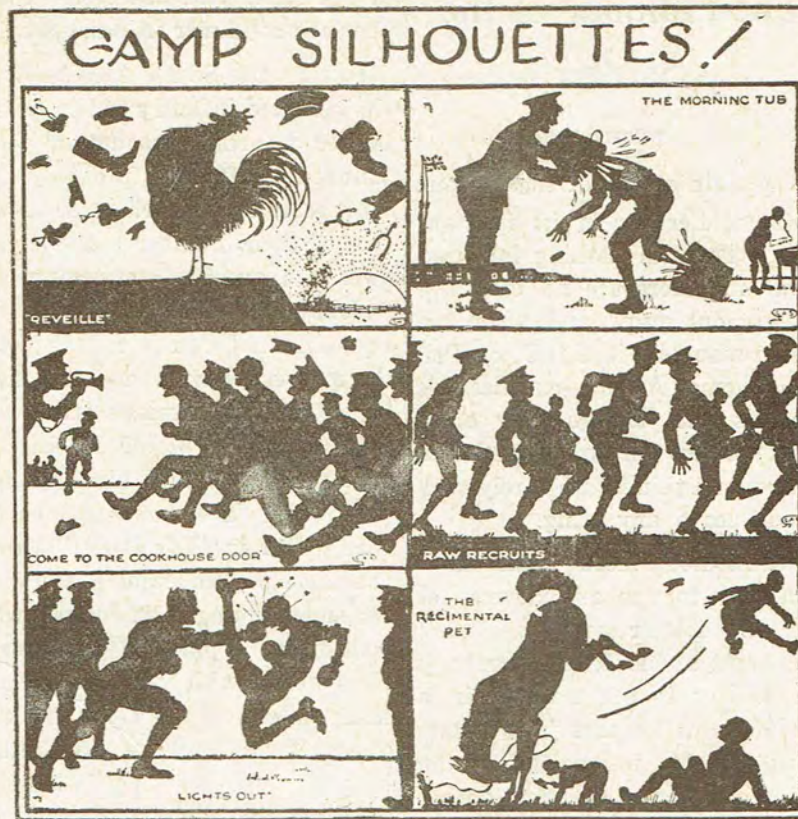
He selected a restaurant in the heart of New York, and was present promptly at the appointed hour. His furtive anxiety had by this time convinced me that he was genuinely anxious to convey important information, and that the idea of anything in the way of a trap might be abandoned.

Bomb in Piping.

From his pocket he brought forth a short length of gas piping, and explained to me that by means of a piece of zinc, this was divided into two chambers, each containing a chemical, one of which eating through the zinc, and mixing with the other, caused a conflagration.

The thickness of the zinc determined the length of time required to cause the fire. It was thus possible to delay action for several days.

When the two acids mixed at the appointed time, a silent but intense flame shot out from both ends of the leaden tube, completely



WONDER

BREAD

JAMES M. AIRD'S

AND

CAKES

The Bread with the flavour.

ANTHONY MOLE
HARDWARE MERCHANT
534 Queen Street, West
TORONTO
TELEPHONE—ADELAIDE 0333
PROMPT DELIVERY PRICES RIGHT

destroying the casing and leaving no trace whatever.

Another £5 note changed hands, and encouraged thereby, the youth promised to meet me at my hotel. By this time the story was good enough to pass on to the United police and Intelligence authorities.

Colonel Nicholas Biddle, Commander Spencer Eddie and Inspector Tunney did the rest. A plain clothes man, able to understand German, concealed himself behind a screen and heard enough of our conversation to take action.

Found in a Ship.

As a result of a raid on a German ship which was being used as a factory for these incendiary bombs or "cigars" as they came to be called, practically the whole group of conspirators were rounded up.

The leader was "recalled" to Germany by a faked cable sent by a British agent in Berlin and arrested when a British destroyer stopped the neutral ship in which he was returning in the Channel off Ramsgate.

The conspirators were brought to trial and were sentenced to terms of imprisonment and hard labour ranging from two to four years.

Several of them died in the Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia.

The instructor was delivering a lecture to junior Officers up for examination, he dwelt with much emphasis on the fact that each Officer should devote the intervening time to preparing for the final examination. "The examination papers are now in the hands of the typist, are there any questions to be asked?" There was a silence, suddenly a voice from the rear quietly inquired "Who's the typist, Sir?"

An Atlantic Liner was coming into Southampton, a grimy little barge was in the way, "Clear out the way that dirty barge, shout-ed an Officer.

A weather beaten face looked over the hatchway and asked "Are you the Captain of that vessel?" "No", replied the officer.

"Well then, speak to your equals, replied the man," "I am Captain of this."

The Humour of the Soldier

The main charm of the humour of the soldier lies in its spontaneity. There is nothing laboured about it; there are no carefully thought out quips, and when the soldier-man—be it G.O.C. or Private Thomas Atkins—exercises his wit, his jests, though they often convey a very shrewd appreciation of men and things, are rarely such as will leave any sting.

Accustomed more than most men are to ups and downs of life, the soldier possesses more than most of his fellow creatures the ability to see matters in a quaint light. *Le mot juste* comes readily to his tongue. His is the gift of expressing what strikes him as amusing in a few words, a concise sentence, which at once appeals to his hearers as the most apt and fitting remark that could have been made. Undoubtedly, this great gift of humour has done much to sustain the soldier's unvarying cheerfulness under the most adverse circumstances. In this article the writer has endeavoured to "present" specimens of soldier humour collected from different portions of the globe; and to avoid repeating, as far as may be possible, well-known "chest-nuts."

The Atkins who several years ago, standing in a crowd to watch some volunteers march past, delivered himself of the sententious remark: "Thank Gawd for the Navy!" was a wit. It was Lord Haldane who originated the idea of granting twopenny a day extra pay to men who succeeded in passing a shooting test; and on one occasion a Tommy, who had hitherto failed to pass, had got close enough to the required score to need only an "outer" in order to attain the coveted rank. He fires his last shot, and the hateful shriek was heard of a ricochet speeding on its way. "There goes my little tuppence," he remarked more in sorrow than in anger as he rose from the ground, "oppin', oppin' all the way to 'ell!" The corollary to this anecdote is the story of the first-class shot who, having rapidly put on a succession of "bulls" arose, wiped his knees, blew the smoke out

of his rifle, and observed complacently: "Mister 'Aldane loses!"

During the South African War the mounted infantry at first came in for a certain amount of good natured chaff; and probably the most sarcastic remark made about one of their number was the answer to a question concerning one "Nobby Clark's" powers as an equestrian. "Can 'e ride?" was the answer; why 'e couldn't ride in a railway carriage with the door shut!" "Put old Nobby on a 'horse," continued his detractor "and 'e'd 'ave no more chance than a flea in 'Yde Park!" From the same period, dates a story of the smart young staff officer, who rode up to a party of dusty warriors weary with "foot slogging" many miles over the Veldt with the query: "Are you the West Riding." "No, me lord," chime a cherry voice from the rear, "we ain't! We're the blinkin' Buffs—walkin'!"

India, naturally, has been for many years a fruitful hunting ground for soldier stories; and it was an officer of very exalted rank who supplied the following specimen. To his lot it fell to peruse the scholarly report of a member of the Indian Civil Service, holding, for special reasons, temporary military rank. It was a report written in the best style of the Civil Secretariat, and was somewhat profusely sprinkled with Latin quotations. However, one comment only was indited upon its margin: "I know some Latin, too. Nil sanguineum bonum." There is a good story concerning a certain General when a Mop'ah regiment had the honour of being inspected by His Majesty the King Emperor during his Indian tour. The day was hot, and the distinguished General's temper was not at its brightest, so, much to His Majesty's amusement the following dialogue took place: "Aren't they rather like Soudanese?" "No, begorra, a Soudanese would eat a regiment of them!" "Don't they ever get sunstroke with those small caps?" "No, begorra, I wish they would!"

Another story of a somewhat short-tempered officer is that of the Colonel to whom a youthful subaltern, acting as A.D.C. to his father, the General communicated an order: "Please, sir, father says will you take your regiment

over there." The Colonel turned towards him and empurpled visage and barked out: "Oh, does he? And what does mother say?"

As illustrative of Atkin's readiness of reply may be related a scrap of conversation between two men stretched on the ground at the end of a field day. It was Monday, and presumably in the mind of the first speaker there still lingered fragments of the scriptural language he had heard in church the previous day, for he suddenly observed: "And the Lord said unto Moses 'Arf right turn!" Without a moment's hesitation his pal lying next him added: "And Moses, not knowin' 'is drill, turned 'arf left!"

Atkins, being the best-hearted fellow in the world, is always anxious to hearten any one in affliction. Outside the Pasteur Institution at Kasauli in the north of India may be seen at mid-way a motley crowd of persons waiting to be inoculated against rabies from the bites of dogs, jackals and the like. On one occasion the new arrivals included an officer who seemed anything but comfortable as to the effect the inoculations might have on him; and to him spoke a Tommy with words of cheers. "Don't you worry, Sir!" he said. "This inoculation ain't anythink! Why, a friend o' mine bit me; and I said it was a dog; and I've been 'avin' a 'oliday 'ere for a week!"

One story, from France, concerns a Divisional General who was a particular in the matter of his inspections. His predecessor had been accustomed to take a look at the remounts occasionally after breakfast; and the arrival of the "new broom" at 6 Aek Emma was followed by considerable "strafing" because things were not ready for him. His departure was welcomed by all ranks; and a burly trooper summed up his impressions in the following words of scorn. "I'm a Divisional General! Why lumme, 'e oughtn't to command not even a regiment, nor nothink! All 'e's fit for is to be a blinkin' mushroom picker!" A stalwart Highlander after taking a draught of vin ordinaire returned the bottle to its owner, a friendly poilu, with the remark: "Weel, thank ye for the drap—but it's for a' the wurld like washin' innards wi' a salad dressin'!"

After a raid, seven Tommies returned with only six prisoners. The absence of the seventh prisoner was accounted for thus: "On the way back, sir, we got talkin'; and 'e told me 'ow 'e'd got an old mother, and I said as 'ow I'd got an old mother, too. Then 'e told me about 'is little boy of five; and I said as 'ow I'd got a little boy of five. Then 'e started tellin' me about 'is little farm, an' we'd sir, 'e made me feel so miserable that I shot 'im!"

An amusing telephone story was one told the present writer by an officer who bore the name of Coffin. For some time he had worked away at the instrument: Hullo! hullo! What's It's Coffin Speaking. What. I say, I'm Coffin—I'm COFFIN! At last from the bowels of the earth there issued a voice: "Ho! coughin' are yer? Well, I'm larfin'!"

—Extracts from an article by Lt. Col. A. A. Irvine, C.I.E. in The Army Quarterly.

"I believe my best course henceforth is to shut up."—George Bernard Shaw.

Two soldiers, noted for their love of the bottle, put their savings together on completing their service and bought a saloon in a small village in Quebec.

Their arrival was watched with interest by the community, and when opening time came and the door still remain shut, one would-be-customer volunteered to make enquiries, marching up to the door he hanged loudly with his fist, and was rewarded by a head appearing in one of the bedroom windows.

"What cher want" enquired the old soldier.

"Open up" said the would-be-customer.

"Open up" said the old soldier, in astonishment. "We have bought the place."

Tpr. Carter, in shoemaker's shop on very hot day:—"It's hotter in here than outside."

Sergeant (Shoemaker) "Yes, the steam turned on."

Tpr. Carter "Is it!" goes to turn off steam. (We leave the rest to you.)

How Is This for a Fish Story

A skipper of a schooner threw pepper into the sea when a shark insisted on following his vessel. The pepper temporarily blinded the shark, and in revenge he caught hold of the rudder with his teeth, holding on so that the ship speed was reduced by half. For six months, voyage after voyage, the shark hold on until the skipper was "fired" for incompetence in delaying his ship.

A house wife in Cape Town bought a fish and started to clean it—Inside the fish was a small sea shell, inside the sea-shell was a ring. It proved to be an old Indian ring made of solid gold, a well cut crystal was set in the ring.

We all went into the cellar, To get ourselves a drink But when we got there, The cellare was bare.

So we all lined up at the sink (and found the water turned off.)

Over heard at the St. Johns Ice Cream parlour—Moscow, to (sweet young thing) "What will you have, a soda?"

S.Y.T., "Yes please."

After trying straw and finding that it does not work, looks at Moscow and murmurs "Gee, I guess my suckers broke."

A circus manager called up a man by the name of Jim, who was 125 years old, he offered Jimmy \$100 dollars a week if he would join the circus and sit on a platform.

Jim said he would like to go but he was afraid that his father might not approve,

"Your father" gasped the circus man, "is he still alive."

"Yes" said Jim, he is putting Grandfather to bed".—(Now you beat that one.)

Instructor: "What effect has the fixing of the bayonet on the Trajectory?"

Recruit: "I was not here when you put it on, so am unable to say."

Do you drink plenty of Milk?

Milk is one of the most nourishing foods obtainable and should be included in the daily diet of every person. Drink at least a quart a day of milk which you know to be pure, rich and wholesome for.....health!

City Dairy

Spadina Cres.,

Toronto.

Kingsdale 6151

Never Too late

Why don't you take advantage of our sale of

White Shoes?

We still have several models at reduced prices which are bound to please you.

All the qualities of Corticelli Hosiery are still at the old prices. Get the benefit.

GEORGES ST-GERMAIN

Courtesy, Service and Satisfaction always rule.

Wholesale & Retail

(in front Imperial Theatre)

Richelieu St. St. Johns

Things We Would Like to Know.

Who put the Goat (Not our Goat) in the M.O.'s tent at Point-aux-Trembles? And what was the result?

Who was the Brave, went into the Normandy, to kiss a girl, waited an hour, and then did not succeed? (Oh oh, Tough luck, we calls it.)

Who was the N.C.O. took a baseball bat into the mess room one morning to break his eggs for breakfast.

That Sergeant who was having trouble with his herring bones, What was the trouble George? did you swallow some.

Who was the brave sitting on the beach the other day trying to hit the depth stick in the water by throwing stones at it. He must be practicing for baseball next year, What do you think about it John D.?

And we still don't know who McDUFF is??

What has become of a certain N.C.O.'s. motorcycle, it has not been seen since he was pushed out the Barracks on it.

Watch the papers, they may run an advertisement like this in it: "STOP, LOOK, LISTEN, A bargain! What have we? One motorcycle, name and pedigree unknown, four cylinders, (one still on the job) Guaranteed to go any where, if pushed by no less than three men. This is a machine that needs very few repairs, (of a minor nature). Put in new gears, two new tires, an engine, a chain a gas tank, it might navigate. The where abouts of this machine is unknown. Those intending to purchase may have same by using their own ingenuity, or what ever they have, (We suggest dragging the Richelieu river for a start.)

If the local Fire-Chief has ever seen our garrison fire brigade in action?

The trooper who dreamed one night that he had the wings of an angel, (What a hope?)

What "Ghandi" was doing in the stables the other morning with rubber boots on."

A young officer was showing his elderly aunt around the barracks when a trumpet blared out.

The old lady started "What was that?" she asked.

"That was Tattoo" replied the nephew.

"Oh, is it really,?" she said, how interesting, I have often seen it on Soldiers arms, but I did not know that they had a special time for it.

We are glad to see "Sailor" Lawrence around again after his nasty accident at Point-aux-Trembles.

Glories of the Aldershot Tatto.

By E. R. Yarham, F.R.G.S.

(From the New Castle Weekly Chronicle)

The magnificent Aldershot Searchlight Tattoo, which is to be staged has within the short space of about a dozen years become generally known as the world's greatest outdoor spectacle of pageantry.

Every year hundreds of thousands of people from many parts of Britain flock to the Rushmore Arena, which can accommodate 80,000 spectators, and here they are thrilled by the movements of 5,000 troops performing beneath the floodlight of giant searchlights with their million of candle-power, and spellbound by the sight of the massed bands with 1,000 musicians, headed by drum-majors in gorgeous uniforms.

Every year the Tattoo breaks its attendance record, and this season the preliminary preparations have been on a more lavish scale than ever, and scores of unemployed have been found work. Every season the number of spectators grows more astonishing, last year's leap a numbers being the most notable of all.

In 1925 the attendance was about 50,000 and by 1931 it had more than doubled standing at 322,000. But in 1932 the remarkable increase of over 80,000 was recorded the estimated number of spectators being 403,000. Each year some 35,000 cars, nearly 5,000 buses and coaches and thousands of bicycles and motor bicycles have to be parked.

Heroic Gordon

A special theme is chosen each season. During the past few years there have been such mottoes as Chivalry, Valour, Victory, and Discipline, and this year the theme influencing the whole of the display will be Loyalty—or King and Country.

The main episode will be death of Gordon, who remained faithful unto death at his post at Khartoum. The first phase illustrates the end of Gordon, which took place during the assault by the Mahdi's forces. The second scene depicts the victory of the Battle

of Omdurman, and the third shows Khartoum after its recapture, and the memorial service for the heroic Gordon.

Another episode will illustrate the Siege of Delhi, and one of the most thrilling parts of the pageant will be the storming of the Cashmir Gate, where four heroes won the Victoria Cross.

These crosses were some of the first awarded for the siege took place in 1857; and the V.C. had only been instituted the year before. A striking and moving part of the episode will be concerned with the wonderful loyalty of certain Indian regiments, which stood by the British troops during the siege.

Years of History.

Soon afterwards the pageant will flash back over Britain's history for 700 years to the days of King Richard the Lion Heart, and visualise England of the 12th century. Single-handed combats between knights in full armour, which were looked upon as the highest tests of valour, will be shown and also fights between the King's men and the men in Lincoln green—the costume worn by the famous Robin Hood and his merry band of outlaws.

Then we see England 200 years later and the departure of the "Old Contemptibles," of those under Henry V. for France, where they won the great Battle of Agincourt. Every feature of the England of those days is faithfully reproduced, with lords and ladies, bowmen, falcons, hunting parties and a forge with the armour of the knights being riveted.

The pageant really takes the form of a review of the progress of arms and warfare down the centuries up to modern days, showing infantry going into action assisted by the marvellous mechanised inventions that have revolutionised war. One of the items endeavours to depict some of the horrors of the war of the future, which it has been remarked as "piece of propaganda in favour of disarmament the particular item would be hard to beat."

The Grand Finale is perhaps the most impressive part of the entire Tattoo. As soon as the incidents have been displayed the searchlights once more flood the arena for the last massed movements, when the entire 5,000 troops who have taken part are

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gathered in serried ranks dressed in the uniforms of many centuries and varied countries.

Then the searchlights faded out, and all is dark, except for a great white cross which appears in the sky far off. More than 50,000 voices take up the strain of the evening hymn, after which the searchlights break out with even more brilliance than before, and the Reveille is followed by "God Save the King." After this the massed bands strike up while the troops swing away.

In Days of Victoria.

Only since the Great War has the Aldershot Tattoo grown into the magnificent spectacle it now is, although its actual origins are said to go back nearly 40 years. It is thought that probably the very first display of such a nature was staged in 1894.

It was on the occasion of a visit of Queen Victoria to Aldershot that it was decided to organise a spectacle which her Majesty could view from the pavilion grounds, and four special patrols represent-

ing England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, headed by bands playing appropriate national marches, made their way from behind the Rushmore Copses to the open spaces behind the pavilion.

There the bands massed, numbering in all about 800 performers, and played selections of music. These patrols were accompanied by torchbearers, and the pageant was so successful that it was repeated for several years until war put a stop to it.

After the Boer War it was resumed as a Torchlight Tattoo, until Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien substituted searchlights for the torchlights realising the far wider scope there would be for spectacular effects.

The name "Tattoo" was originally "Taptoo" and it was the signal for soldiers to parade for the annual muster before they retired to their quarters for the night. It is said that the Tattoo was introduced by William of Orange and in actual performance it consists of beating the drum and playing the fife.

A new lot of remounts has just arrived, and a certain trooper made the common mistake of approaching to near the business end of one of them, his comrades caught him on the rebound, placed him on a stretcher and started him for the hospital.

On the way the invalid regained consciousness, gazed at the blue sky, over head, experienced a swaying motion as he was being carried along, and shakily lowered his hands over the sides, only to feel space. "My gosh! My gosh!" he he groaned, "I ain't even hit the ground yet."

A recruit was undergoing an examination at the hands of the M.O.: "You do not go in for dissipation of any sort, I suppose said the Doctor, tapping the other's chest.

The recruit said nothing. "I mean you don't lead er-a-fast life."

The men looked thoughtful, then his brow clouded.

"Think I ought to tell you Doctor," he said nervously—"That I sometimes chew a little gum."

A clarinet sounds funny, when one begins to play, but after forty lessons??? Well, that is a matter of opinion.

Daring pilot "half the people up down there thought we were going to fall Passenger" so did half the people up here."

Dutch Courage (Heard during a Vickers Gun Class).

Pupil: (Demonstrating) Pints to be observed before and after firing."

"Instructor: "No, not beer or pints, but points."

N.C.O. "What do you think, just saw Brown, and he was tearing up the street."

2nd N.C.O.: "What's the matter with the man, I saw him last week and he pulling up the river."

Capt. (Village fire brigade) eight pints of beer, Madamselle, would you mind making it fast, as we are on our way to a fire."

A joke like an egg is never the same after it has been cracked.

Soldiers of Today.

(From the Army, Navy and Air Force Gazette)

(From a Military Correspondent)

Part II

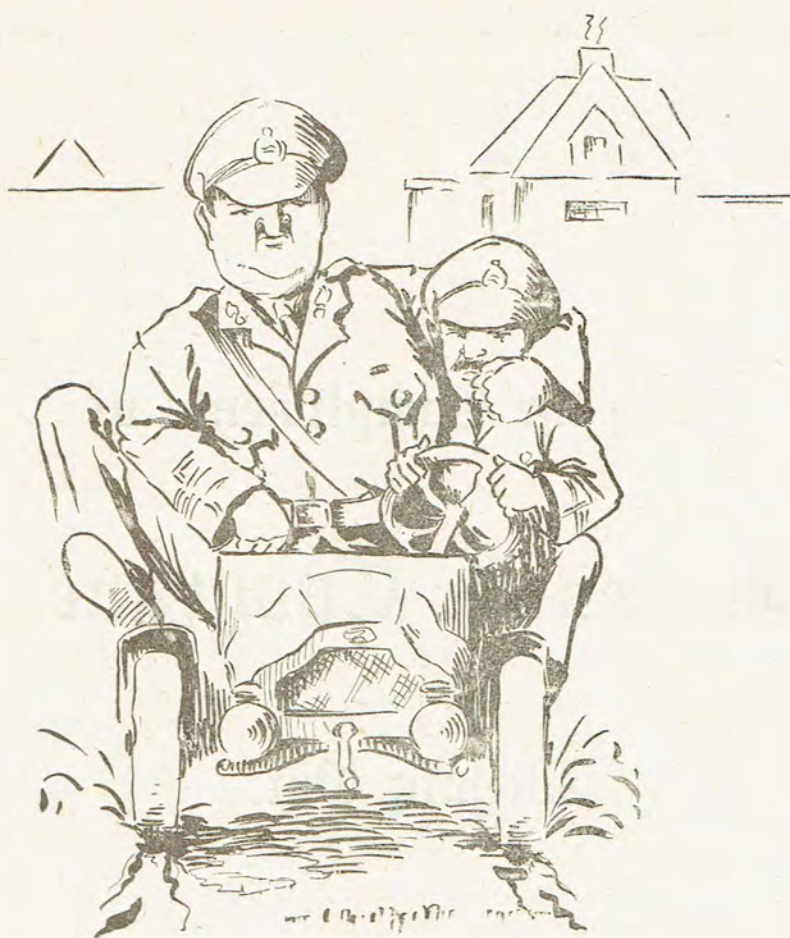
Among the new recruits, two, are the sons of professional men, who have definitely chosen the Army as a career and they work to the best of their ability just as if they were in an ordinary business house. To many the army certainly offers opportunities which they can find nowhere else. The path of promotion was never more open than it is today. Under present conditions it is possible for a recruit who joins up when he is eighteen and applies himself with diligence to his military duties, passes the necessary educational tests and shows a capacity for leadership, to become a cadet at the Royal Military College and obtain a combatant commission by the time he is 24. The successful candidates take their place, by the test of merit alone, among the 10,200 officers who hold the King's commission.

For those who are not so fortunate there are always chances of advancement to and in the non-commissioned ranks. In these ranks today there are more than 20,000 men who began as privates, and though their advancement, when measured in the terms of money, does not reach the level of the subaltern, it is none the less substantial. A private starts with 14s. a week, but a corporal gets 28s., a sergeant 42s., and a colour-sergeant 56s. And to all this there has, of course, to be added, in every case, ample and varied food, clothing and housing, sport of all kinds, and at least a month's holiday a year with full pay, and an extra cash allowance in lieu of rations. Nor is that all. The whole of the soldier's National Health Insurance contributions, and the employer's share of the Widows, Orphans and Old Age Insurance contributions are borne by the military authorities; marriage allowance on a sliding scale, subject to variation annually according to the cost of living, is available for married men of 26 years and over; and, in the end, substantial pensions are provided on discharge for those who have served 21 years

or more with the Colours.

Of not less consequence to the soldier of today than his rank, his pay and his pension, are his social environment and the provision made through it for his health, his comfort and his pleasure. And here again there has been quite a remarkable development of Army ideals and administration. The barracks in which much of the soldier's life is necessarily spent have undergone many transformations. In some of these there is a separate sleeping cubicle for every man. In all of them there are now special dining halls, hot baths, reading and writing rooms. All regimental barracks have, in addition recreation rooms with billiard and bagatelle tables, newspapers, indoor games, and well-equipped libraries Canteens, fitted with grocery and coffee bars, are also provided, and frequently there are evening concerts and other entertainments. The civilian as a rule has to go outside his lodgings for enjoyment and amusements; the soldier lives, as it were, in a club where he has every comfort provided for him, to the end that he is under discipline but who appreciates discipline for its own sake and for the respect it wins for

Two's Company
There's a Crowd.



ness of the Army was to deal with men as if they were so many pieces of machinery has gone, never to return. Thinking and intelligent men are the men most in demand in every regiment, and every one who joins the Army has a chance of improving himself, not only in his profession as a soldier, but as a citizen of the Empire. When necessary, instruction is given in all the subjects which usually enter into primary education; provision is also made for the most backward as well as for those who have made a good start at school, and it is possible for those who attend the higher classes and are sufficiently diligent in their studies to reach a standard of proficiency which is equivalent to the standard of University Matriculation.

For every man who is eager to make the most of himself, life in the Army under present-day conditions is in fact a real preparation for immediate advancement in the profession of arms, and for a continuance after his discharge from the ranks, of worthy and useful citizenship.

Workmen have unearthed the remains of a British Soldier at a brick factory at LeQuenoy, probably killed when the British recaptured LeQuenoy in 1918.

A friend asked Colonel Brown how his sons were making out at golf. "Not too well," replied the Colonel, "Jack is far too stupid ever to a golfer, and Jack is far too intelligent."

Officer (To sentry over a cosack Post, in the Outpost scheme.)
"What are you?"

Sentry: "I'm sentry over the consequences, Sir."

EVE'S CHANCE



"I don't believe there ever was a perfect man."
"Adam would have been perfect if Eve had only been made first."
"What do you mean?"
"Well, then she could have bossed the job of making Adam."

him from the rest of the world.

The reactions of what is done in these ways, not only on the soldier's physical condition, but on his intelligence and moral life, are highly significant. Field Marshall Lord Methuen found occasion the other day to call attention to this fact and to emphasize especially the growth of temperance among all ranks. He remembered, he said, that when he joined the Army in 1864, man after man might be seen rolling down Birdcage Walk endeavouring to pull himself together before he reached the guard room. In the last four years he had seen but about two drunken soldiers.

While ample provision is made for recreation in the barracks and for the out-door sports and games which add so much to the ordinary pleasure and zest of life, education is by no means neglected. Educational training is, in fact, a conspicuous feature of the modern soldier's life. On its general side it is adopted to assist him in obtaining the best results from his purely military training, and on its vocational side it prepares him for returning to civil life as a skilled or semi-skilled artisan.

The idea that the primary busi-

High Heels and Jerry.

By F. W. Powell

Jerrys started it. It's all her fault. She it is who has taken all joy from my bright young life. Things were going along so swimmingly that in a burst of optimism, I threw to our friends the hint that an early marriage was not without the bounds of possibility. Now, it is all knocked on the head and I'm absolutely finished with women for life.

Women are all very well as long as one never loses sight of their limitations, and, never, never forgets that, being women, they don't know their own minds for two minutes on end.

So proud was I of this knowledge that the unreasonable conduct of Jerry has knocked me all of a heap, so to speak. My friends are terrifically concerned about my condition. They shake their heads in a most annoying fashion and suggest the placing of myself in the hands of a qualified physician. Johnny Winters went off just like that. Just faded away. Such a nice funeral. Stacks of wreaths and the rest of it.

Perhaps they are right. Perhaps I am going to die. What's that as long as Jerry is no longer mine?

She is such a charming girl, you know. Charming, but difficult. Her preference for me arose from her partiality to the manly man. You know the strong, silent kind. Stern and unmoveable. Men of strong convictions and of fixed purpose. I am, if you will pardon my egotism, all that, but there was one thing about me she did not like. Five feet nothing is not exactly dwarfish, but Jerry wished I were taller. Mind you not once did she reproach me for this slight on the part of nature, but from the way she always spoke, I knew her to be just a little disappointed. She had always wished for some giant of a man to come along and claim her as his mate.

Now all is over I see things in a different light. Now I know the reason for her unusual arrangement of being seated whenever we were photographed together. This, you know, is simply never done in good circles. Still, when a man's in love he submits to the most embarrassing conditions. So, I always sat while Jerry towered over me in a tanding position. On one occasion she wished to place her

hand on my shoulder but this I vigorously opposed. With all this talk of the franchise for women what on earth would my friends think? No, no, such a thing could not be thought of. Absolutely not, so I asserted by manhood and Jerry loved me for it.

Too bad Jerry is so difficult. Too bad she's so romantic. She loves the old-fashioned novel in which woman figures as a gentle retiring flower like creature, whose one object in life is to be defended by the big strong male from the insults of the bold, bad men who are placed in the novel for the sole purpose of being knocked down by the aforementioned big, strong, males.

She goes about simply searching for insults. Never succeeds, naturally, for who would dare when I am with her? She has resorted to the basest methods so that she may consider herself insulted. The other afternoon, for instance, we were in a tram-car. She sat. I stood. So openly was she flirting with the man beside her that, but for her leave-him-to-me sort of look, I would have strongly remonstrated with the foolish child. Naturally the man played up to her. He went one better by pressing her knee with his own. Jerry, with a look of utter scorn, jumped to her feet exclaiming at the same time, "Wilfred" (that's my name, you know,) slay this vile creature."

Now I ask you, what can a man do but retreat hurriedly from a carload of grinning people who think us both quite mad?

This did not please Jerry. Instead of professing some shame for her outrageous conduct, she is amazed at my indifference. At least I might have knocked him senseless at her feet. At such a time it is best to say nothing. She is disappointed in me. To do nothing at all to avenge the insult of that vile creature! Are there no real men in the world?

Because I love Jerry, the challenge meets with no response. I permit the insinuation to pass. I remember the poor girl is romantic.

She is a sweetly pretty girl. A girl I'd would do anything for. Within reason of course. But, alas, she's so difficult. To live up to the strong, unmoveable type of man she loves is well nigh impossible under the circumstances. Thinking herself to be the meek retiring sort of woman one reads of but seldom meets, she is pos-

sessed, at the same time, of a strong will of her own. This makes the situation on awkward. To resist her wishes causes distress to the dear thing, but to comply simply shatters the strong silent type of man she adores.

Just what to do is a problem. To retain the love of Jerry I have submitted to degradations of the lowest order. Simply to please the dear girl I have arrayed myself in neckties given by the generous child. This sounds little in itself but means much when you know Jerry as I do. Her tastes are unusual to say the least. They are bizarre, if nothing else. Wear a tie of her choice and be assured of creating a sensation when venturing abroad. Her ties produce startling result. Dogs bark wildly, horses bolt, drunken men rush to sign the pledge, sane men shudder, ragged children follow, women faint, policemen suspect, friends desert and one suffers all this just because Jerry thinks it betrays great self-confidence.

Ties are bad enough but to get one glimpse of the socks of her choice is to realize one is delirious. Jerry likes to be conspicuous. I do not and that's way I've lost Jerry for ever.

You will remember the confession that I am not exactly a giant. Well this must have been playing on Jerry's mind. Acting upon her suggestion, put so nicely that no offence could be taken, I placed myself in the hands of one who guaranteed to increase one's stature by at least three inches. How I suffered! All of no avail, however. Sadly did Jerry admit the failure.

"Never mind, Wilfred," she said brightening up hopefully, "I know what we'll do...so very simple...just wear very high heels...place some of those things inside your boots that increase the height of the wearer and none will ever guess you are such a very short man."

That finished it completely. In the first place I am not such a very short man, and then, not even for Jerry will I make myself ridiculous by wearing high heels.

So now, all is over between us. I have finished with women for at least do I realize it is quite impossible to satisfy them.

Just the same, if Jerry made any effort towards a reconciliation, I would...but what's the use, she won't.



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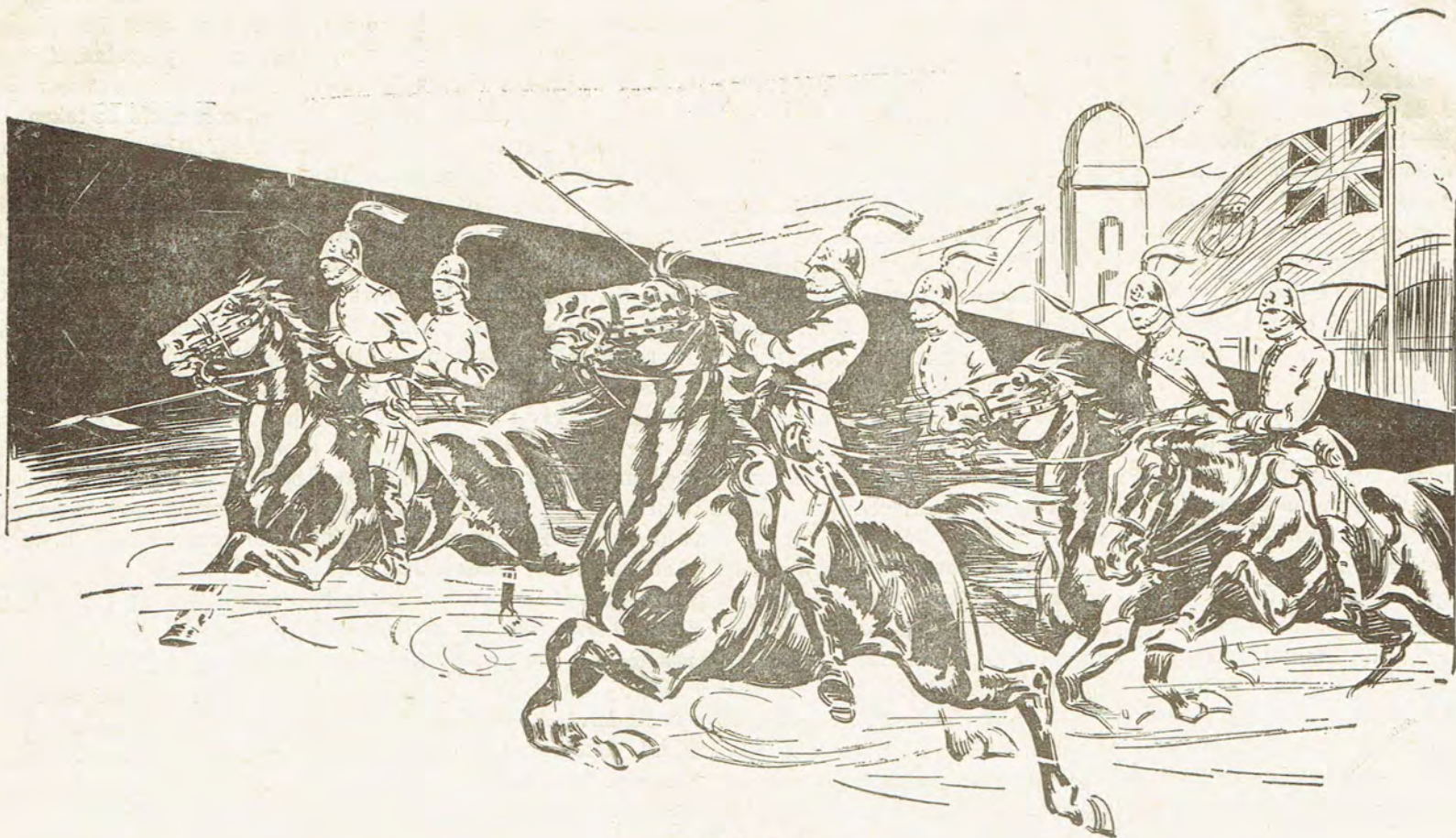
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